



*M.<sup>r</sup> Bannister Jun.<sup>r</sup> as Young Philpot.*

# THE CITIZEN.

A FARCE.

WRITTEN BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, Esq.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGER'S BOOK

AT THE

Theatre Royal Drury-Lane.

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**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

**DRURY LANE.**

**M E N.**

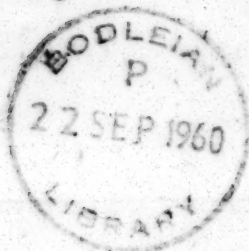
Old Philpot,  
Young Philpot,  
Sir Ja. Wilding,  
Young Wilding,  
Beaufort,  
Dapper,  
Quilldrive,

Mr. Baddeley.  
Mr. Bannister Jun.  
Mr. Burton.  
Mr. Lee.  
Mr. Packer.  
Mr. Vaughan.  
Mr. Ackman.

**W O M E N.**

Maria,  
Corinna,  
Servants, &c.

Mrs. Jordan.



# THE CITIZEN.

ACT I *Young Willing Beauford, and Will following.*

**Will.** **H**A, ha, my dear Beauford! A fiery young fellow like you, melted down into a sighing, love-sick dangler after a high heel, a well-turn'd ankle, and a short petticoat!

*Beau.* Prythee, Willing, don't laugh at me. Maria's charms—

*Will.* Maria's charms! And so now you would fain grow wanton in her praise, and have me listen to your raptures about my own sister! Ha, ha, poor Beauford!—Is my sister at home, Will?

*Will.* She is, Sir.

*Will.* How long has my father been gone out?

*Will.* This hour, Sir.

*Will.* Very well. Pray give Mr. Beauford's compliments to my sister, and he is come to wait upon her. [*Exit Will.*] You will be glad to see her, I suppose, Charles.

*Beau.* I live but in her presence.

*Will.* Live but in her presence! How the devil could the young baggage raise this riot in your heart? 'Tis more than her brother could ever do with any of her sex.

*Beau.* Nay, you have no reason to complain; you are come up to town, post-haste, to marry a wealthy citizen's daughter, who only saw you last season at Tunbridge, and has been languishing for you ever since.

*Will.* 'Tis more than I do for her; and, to tell you the truth, more than I believe she does for me—'Tis a match of prudence, man! bargain and sale! My reverend dad and the old put of a citizen finished the business at Lloyd's coffee-house by inch of candle—a mere transferring of property—Give your son to my daughter, and I will give my daughter to your son." That's the whole affair; and so I am just arrived to consummate the nuptials.

*Beau.* Thou art the happiest fellow—

*Will.* Happy! so I am—what should I be otherwise for? If Miss Sally—upon my soul, I forgot her name—

*Beau.* Well! that is so like you—Miss Sally Philpot!

*Will.* Ay! very true. Miss Sally Philpot—we will bring fortune sufficient to pay off an old incumbrance upon the family-estate, and my father is to settle handsomely upon me—and so I have reason to be contented. I have not!

*Beau.* And you are willing to marry her without having one spark of love for her?

*Will.* Love!—why, I make myself ridiculous enough by marrying, don't I, without being in love into the bargain! What! am I to pine for a girl that is willing to go to bed to me? Love of all things!—My dear Beauford, one sees so many breathing raptures about each other before marriage, and dining their insipidity into the ears of all their acquaintance. "My dear ma'am, don't you think him a sweet man? a charming creature never was." Then he, on his side—"My



life! my angel! oh! she's "a paradise of ever-blooming sweets." And then in a month's time, "He's a pernicious wretch! I wish I had never seen his face—the devil was in me when I had any thing to say to him"—"Oh! damn her for an inanimated piece—I wish she'd poison'd herself, with all my heart." That is ever the way; and so you see love is all nonsense; well enough to furnish romances for boys and girls at circulating libraries; that is all, take my word for it.

*Beau.* Poh! that is all idle talk; and in the meantime I am ruin'd.

*Wild.* How so?

*Beau.* Why, you know the old couple have bargain'd your sister away.

*Wild.* Bargain'd her away! and will you pretend you are in love?—Can you look tamely on, and see her barter'd away at Garraway's, like logwood, cochineal, or indigo? Marry her privately, man, and keep it a secret till my affair is over.

*Beau.* My dear Wilding, will you propose it to her?

*Wild.* With all my heart—She is very long a-coming—I'll tell you what, if she has a fancy for you, carry her off at once—But perhaps she has a mind to this cub of a citizen, Miss Sally's brother.

*Beau.* Oh, no! he's her aversion.

*Wild.* I have never seen any of the family, but my wife that is to be—my father-in-law and my brother-in-law, I know nothing of them. What sort of a fellow is the son?

*Beau.* Oh! a diamond of the first water! a buck, Sir! a blood! every night at this end of the town; at twelve next day he speaks about the "Change, in a little bit of a frock and a bob-wig, and looks like a sedate book-keeper in the eyes of all who behold him.

*Wild.* Upon my word, a gentleman of spirit.

*Beau.* Spirit!—he drives a phaeton two-story high, keeps his girl at this end of the town, and is the gay George Philpot all round Covent-Garden.

*Wild.* Oh, brave!—and the father.

*Beau.* The father, Sir——But here comes Maria; take his picture from her.

[*She sings within.*]

*Wild.* Hey! she is musical this morning; she holds her usual spirits, I find.

*Beau.* Yes, yes, the spirit of eighteen, with the idea of a lover in her head.

*Wild.* Ay, and such a lover as you too! tho' still in her teens she can play upon all your foibles, and treat you as she does her monkey—tickle you, torment you, enrage you, soothe you, exalt you, depress you, pity you, laugh at you—*Eccè signum!*

*Enter Maria singing.*

The same giddy girl!—Sister, come, my dear——

*Maria.* Have done, brother; let me have my own way; I will go through my song.

*Wild.*

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*Wild.* I have not seen you this age; ask me how I do.

*Maria.* I won't ask you how you do—I won't take any notice of you—I don't know you.

*Wild.* Do you know this gentleman then?—Will you speak to him?

*Maria.* No, I won't speak to him, I'll sing to him; 't's my humour to sing. [Sings.]

*Beau.* Be serious but for a moment, Maria; my all depends upon it.

*Maria.* Oh! sweet Sir, you are dying, are you? then positively I will sing the song; for it is a description of yourself; mind it, Mr. Beaufort—mind it.—Brother, how do you do? [Sings.]

[Kisses him.]—Say nothing; don't interrupt me.

*Wild.* Have you seen your city-lover yet?

*Maria.* No, but I long to see him; I fancy he is a curiosity.

*Beau.* Long to see him, Maria!

*Maria.* Yes, long to see him—Brother, brother! do you see that? mind him; ha, ha!

*Beau.* Make me ridiculous if you will, Maria, so you don't make me unhappy by marrying this citizen.

*Maria.* And would not you have me marry, Sir? What, I must lead a single life to please you, must I? Upon my word, you are a pretty gentleman to make laws for me. [Sings.]

*Wild.* Come, come, Miss Pert, compose yourself a little—this will never do.

*Maria.* My cross, ill-natur'd brother! but it will do. Lord! what do you both call me hither to plague me? I won't stay among ye—a Phonneur, a Phonneur—[running away]—a Phonneur.

*Wild.* Hey, hey, Miss Notable! come back; pray, madam, come back. [Force her back.]

*Maria.* Lord of heaven! what do you want?

*Wild.* Come, come, truce with your frolics, Miss Hoyden, and behave like a sensible girl; we have serious business with you.

*Maria.* Have you? Well, come, I will be sensible; there, I blow all my folly away—'tis gone, 'tis gone, and now I'll talk sense; come—Is that a sensible face?

*Wild.* Poh, poh, be quiet, and hear what we have to say to you.

*Maria.* I will, I am quiet. 'Tis charming weather; it will be good for the country, this will.

*Wild.* Poh, ridiculous! how can you be so silly?

*Maria.* Bless me! I never saw any thing like you; there is no such thing as satisfying you. I am sure it was very good sense, what I said. Papa talks in that manner. Well, well, I'll be silent then. I won't speak at all: Will that satisfy you. [Looks full on.]

*Wild.* Come, come, no more of this folly, but mind what is said to you. You have not seen your city-lover, you say!

[Maria shrugs her shoulders.]

*Wild.* Why don't you answer?

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*Beau.* My dear Maria, put me out of pain. [*Shrugs her shoulders again.*]

*Wild.* Poh, don't be so childish, but give a rational answer.

*Maria.* Why, no, then; no——no, no, no, no, no. I tell you, no, no, no.

*Wild.* Come, come, my little giddy sister, you must not be so flighty; behave sedately, and don't be a girl always.

*Maria.* Why, don't I tell you I have not seen him; but I am to see him this very day.

*Beau.* To see him this day, Maria!

*Maria.* Ha, ha! look there, brother; he has begun again. But don't fright yourself, and I'll tell you all about it. My Papa comes to me this morning—by the bye, he makes a fright of himself with this strange dress. Why does he not dress as other gentlemen do, brother?

*Wild.* He dresses like his brother fox-hunters in Wiltshire.

*Maria.* But when he comes to town, I wish he would do as other gentlemen do here. I am almost ashamed of him. But he comes to me this morning. "Ho! ho! our Moll. Where is the fly pass? Tally ho!" Did you want me, papa? "Come hither, Moll, I'll give you a husband, my girl; one that has mettle enow; he'll take cover, I warrant un. Blood to the bone."

*Beau.* There now, Wilding, did not I tell you this?

*Wild.* Where are you to see the young citizen?

*Maria.* Why Papa will be at home in an hour, and then he intends to drag me into the city with him, and there the sweet creature is to be introduced to me. The old gentleman his father has delighted with me; but I hate him, an old ugly thing.

*Wild.* Give us a description of him; I want to know him.

*Maria.* Why, he looks like the picture of avarice, sitting down with pleasure upon a bag of money, and trembling for fear any body should come and take it away. He has got square-toed shoes, and little tiny buckles; a brown coat, with in all round brass buttons, that looks as if it was new in my great-grandmother's time, and his face all shrivell'd and pinch'd with care; and he shakes his head like a mandarin upon a chimney-piece. "Ay, ay, Sir Jasper, you are right." And then he grins at me. "I profess he is a very pretty bale of goods. Ay, ay, and my son Bob is a very sensible lad. Ay, ay, and I will underwrite their happiness for one and a half per cent."

*Wild.* Thank you, my dear girl; thank you for this account of my relations.

*Beau.* Destruction to my hopes! Surely my dear little angel if you have any regard for me—

*Maria.* There, there, there he is frighten'd again. [*Sings.*]

*Wild.* Psha! give over these airs; listen to me, and I'll instruct you how to manage them all.

*Maria.* Oh! my dear brother, you are very good. but don't.

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don't mistake yourself; though just come from a boarding-school, give me leave to manage for myself. There is in this case a man I like, and a man I don't like. It is not you I like [*to Beauclerc.*]; no, no, I hate you. Put let this little head alone; I know what to do. I shall know how to prefer one, and get rid of the other.

*Beau.* What will you do, Maria?

*Maria.* Ha, ha, I can't help laughing at you. [*Sings.*]

*Will.* Come, come, be serious, Miss Pert, and I'll instruct you what to do. The old cit, you say admires you for your understanding; and his son would not marry you, unless he found you a girl of sense and spirit.

*Maria.* Even so; this is the character of your giddy sister.

*Will.* Why then I'll tell you. You shall make him hate you for a fool, and so let the refusal come from himself.

*Maria.* But how; how, my dear brother? Tell me how?

*Will.* Why you have seen a play with me, where a man pretends to be a downright country oaf, in order to rule a wife and have a wife.

*Maria.* Very well; what then? what then? Oh! I have it. I understand you; say no more; 'tis charming, I like it of all things; I'll do it; I will; and I will so plague him, that he shall know what to make of me! He shall be a very toad eater to me; the sour, the sweet, the bitter, he shall swallow all, and all shall work upon him alike for my diversion. Say nothing of it; it's all among ourselves; but I won't be cruel. I hate ill-nature, and then who knows but I may like him?

*Beau.* My dear Maria, don't talk of liking him.

*Maria.* Oh! now you are beginning again. [*Sings.*]

*Beau.* 'Sdeath, Wilding, I shall never be your brother-in-law at this rate.

*Will.* Psha, follow me; don't be apprehensive; I'll give her farther instructions, and she will execute them I warrant you; the old fellow's daughter shall be mine, and the son may go shift for himself else where.

*Scene.* *Old Philpot's House.* *Old Phil. Dap. and Quill.*

*Old Phil.* Quill drive, have those dollars been sent to the bank as I order'd?

*Quill.* They have, Sir.

*Old Phil.* Very well! Mr. Dapper, I am not fond of writing any thing of late; but at your request. —

*Dap.* You know I would not offer you a bad policy.

*Old Phil.* I believe it. Well, step with me to my closet, and I will look at your policy. How much do you want upon it?

*Dap.* Three thousand; you had better take the whole; there are very good names upon it.

*Old Phil.* Well, well, step with me, and I'll talk to you — Quill drive, step with those bills for acceptance. This way Mr. Dapper, this way. [*Exeunt.*]

*Quill drive solus.*

*Quill.*



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*Quill.* A miserable old rascal! digging, digging money out of the very hearts of mankind, constantly, constantly scraping together, and yet trembling with anxiety for fear of coming to want. A canting old hypocrite! and yet under his veil of sanctity he has a liquorish tooth left; running to the other end of the town stily every evening; and there he has his solitary pleasures in holes and corners.

*George Philpot, peeping in.*

*G. Phil.* Hift, hift! *Quill* drive!

*Quill.* Ha, Master George!

*G. Phil.* Is square-toes at home?

*Quill.* He is.

*G. Phil.* Has he asked for me?

*Quill.* He has.

*G. Phil.* [*Walks in on tiptoe.*] Does he know I did not lie at home?

*Quill.* No; I sunk that upon him.

*G. Phil.* Well done; I'll give you a choice pelding to carry you to Dulwich of a Sunday. Damnation! up all night; stripped of nine hundred pounds; pretty well for one night! Piqued, repiqued, flammed, and capotted every deal! Old Dry-beard shall pay all. Is forty-seven good? no; fifty good? no, no, no; to the end of the chapter. Crael lack! Damn me, 'tis life tho'; this is life; 'sdeath! I hear him coming (*Runs off and perps.*) No, all's safe. I must not be caught in these cloaths, *Quill* drive.

*Quill.* How came you did not leave them at Madam Corinna's, as you generally do?

*G. Phil.* I was afraid of being too late for old square-toes, and so I whipt into a hackney-coach, and drove with the windows up, as if I was afraid of a bum-bailey. Pretty cloaths, an't they?

*Quill.* Ay! Sir.

*G. Phil.* Reach me one of my mechanic city-frocks; no; stay 'tis in the next room, an't it?

*Quill.* Yes, Sir.

*G. Phil.* I'll run and nip it on in a twinkle.

[*Exit.*]

*Quill, rises joins.*

*Quill.* Mercy on us, what a life does he lead! Old Cojer within here will scrape together for him, and the moment young master comes to possession, "I'll get, it's gone," I warrant me. A hard card I have to play between 'em both; drudging for the old man, and pimping for the young one. The father is a reservoir of riches, and the son is a fountain to play it all away in vanity and folly.

*Re-enter George Philpot.*

*G. Phil.* Now, I'm equipped for the city. Damn the city, I wish the Papishes would set fire to it again. I hate to be beaten the hoof here among them. Here comes father; no,

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'tis Dapper. Quilldrive, I'll give you the gelding.

Quill. Thank you, Sir.

(Exit,

*Enter Dapper.*

Dap. Why you look like a devil, George.

G. Phil. Yes; I have been up all night, lost all my money, and I am afraid I must smash for it.

Dap. Smash for it. What have I let you into the secret for? Have not I advised you to trade upon your own account; and you feel the sweets of it. How much do you owe in the city?

G. Phil. At least twenty thousand.

Dap. Poh, that's nothing! Bring it up to fifty or sixty thousand, and then give 'em a good crash at once. I have insured the ship for you.

G. Phil. Have you?

Dap. The policy's full; I have just touch'd your father for the last three thousand.

G. Phil. Excellent! are the goods re-landed?

Dap. Every bale; I have had them up to town, and sold them all to a packer for you.

G. Phil. Brave! and the ship is loaded with rubbish, I suppose?

Dap. Yes, and is now proceeding on the voyage.

G. Phil. Very well; and to-morrow, or next day, we shall hear of her being lost upon the Goodwin, or sunk between the Needles.

Dap. Certainly.

G. Phil. Admirable! and then we shall come upon the underwriters.

Dap. Directly.

G. Phil. My dear Dapper!

(Embraces him.

Dap. Yes; I do a dozen every year. How do you think I can live as I do, otherwise?

G. Phil. Very true; shall you beat the club after 'Change?

Dap. Without fail.

G. Phil. That's right; It will be a full meeting: We shall have Nat Pigtail the dry-talter there, and Bob Reptile the change-broker, and Soberfides the banker; we shall all be there. We shall have deep doings.

Dap. Yes, yes; well, a good morning: I must go now, and fill up a policy for a ship that has been lost these three days.

G. Phil. My dear Dapper, thou art the best of friends.

Dap. Ay, I'll stand by you. It will be time enough for you to break when you see your father near his end; then give 'em a smash; put yourself at the head of his fortune, and begin the world again. Good morning. (Exit.

G. Phil. Dapper, adieu. Who, now, in my situation would envy any of your great folks at the court-end! A lord has nothing to depend upon but his estate. He can't spend you a hundred thousand pounds of other people's money—no—no I had rather be a little bob-wig citizen in good credit, than a commissioner

commissioner of the customs. Commissioner! That's not so good a thing in his gift as a commission of bankruptcy; Don't we see them all with their country seats at Hogidon, and at Kentish town, and at Newington-buitts, and at Islington; with their little flying mercuries tipt on the House, their Appollos, their Venus's and their leaden Hercules's in the garden, and themselves sitting before the door, with pipes in their mouth's, waiting for a good digestion. Zounds! here comes old dad; now for a few dry maxims of left-handed wisdom, to prove myself a scoundrel in sentiment, and pass in his eyes for a hopeful young man likely to do well in the world.

*Enter Old Phil'pot*

*Old Phil.* Twelve times twelve is 144.

*G. Phil.* I'll attack him in his own way. Commission at two and a half per cent.

*Old Phil.* There he is, intent upon business! What, plodding, George!

*G. Phil.* Thinking a little of the main chance, Sir.

*Old Phil.* That's right; it is a wide world, George.

*G. Phil.* Yes, Sir; but you instructed me early in the rudiments of trade.

*Old Phil.* Ay, ay! I instilled good principles into thee.

*G. Phil.* So you did, Sir. Principal and interest is all I ever heard from him. (*Aside.*) I shall never forget the story you recommended to my earliest notice, Sir.

*Old Phil.* What was that, George? It is quite out of my head.

*G. Phil.* It intimated, Sir, how Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, merchant, was cast away, and was afterwards protected by a young lady, who grew in love with him, and how he afterwards bargained with a planter to sell her for a slave.

*Old Phil.* Ay, ay. (*Laughs.*) I recollect it now.

*G. Phil.* And when she pleaded being with child by him, he was no otherwise moved than to raise his price, and make her turn better to account.

*Old Phil.* (*Bursts into laugh.*) I remember it; ha, ha! there was the very spirit of trade! Ay, ay; ha, ha!

*G. Phil.* That was calculation for you.

*Old Phil.* Ay, ay.

*G. Phil.* The Rule of Three. If one gives me so much what will two give me?

*Old Phil.* Ay, ay.

[*Laughs.*]

*G. Phil.* That was a hit, Sir.

*Old Phil.* Ay, ay.

*G. Phil.* That was having his wits about him.

*Old Phil.* Ay, ay! It is a lesson for all young men. It was a hit indeed, ha, ha!

[*Both laugh.*]

*G. Phil.* What an old Negro it is.

[*Aside.*]

*Old Phil.* Thou art a son after my own heart, George.

*C. Phil.*

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G. Phil. Trade must be minded—A penny sav'd, is a penny got.

Old Phil. Ay, ay [Shakes his head and looks cunning.

G. Phil. He that has money in his purse won't wait a head on his shoulders.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. Rome was not built in a day. Fortunes are made by degrees. Pains to get, care to keep, and fear to lose.

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. He that lies in bed, his estate feels for it.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, the good boy.

G. Phil. The old curmudgeon [*Aside.*] thinks nothing mean that brings in an honest penny.

Old Phil. The good boy! George, I have great hopes of thee.

G. Phil. Thanks to your example; you have taught me to be cautious in this wide world. Love your neighbour, but don't pull down your hedge.

Old Phil. I profess it is a wise saying. I never heard it before: It is a wise saying; and shews how cautious we should be of too much confidence in friendship.

G. Phil. Very true.

Old Phil. Friendship has nothing to do with trade.

G. Phil. It only draws a man in to lend money

Old Phil. Ay, ay.

G. Phil. There was your neighbour's son, Dick Worthy, who was always cramming his head with Greek and Latin at school; he wanted to borrow of me the other day, but I was too cunning.

Old Phil. Ay, ay, let him draw bills of exchange in Greek and Latin, and see where he will get a pound sterling for them.

G. Phil. So I told him. I went to him to his garret in the minories; and there I found him in all his misery: And a fine scene it was. There was his wife in a corner of the room, at a washing tub, up to the elbows in suds; a solitary pork-stake was dangling by a bit of pack-thread before a melancholy fire; himself seated at a three-legged table, writing a pamphlet against the German war; a child upon his left knee, his right leg employed in rocking a cradle with a brattling in it. And so there was business enough for them all. His wife rubbing away [*Mimicks a washerwoman*]; and he writing on, "The king of Prussia shall have no more subsidies. Saxony shall be indemnified. He shan't have a foot in Silesia." There is a sweet little baby! (*to the child on his knee*) then he rock'd the cradle, hush, ho! hush, ho! then twisted the gaiter (*Snaps his fingers.*) hush, ho! "The Russians shall have Prussia" (*writes.*) The wife [*washes and sings.*] He—There's a dear." Round goes the griskin again [*snaps his fingers*]; "and Canada must be restored" [*writes.*] And so you have a picture of the whole family.

Old Phil.



*Old Phil.* Ha, ha! what becomes of his Greek and Latin now? Fine words butter no parsnips. He had no money from you, I suppose, George?

*G. Phil.* Oh! no; charity begins at home, says I.

*Old Phil.* And it was wisely said. I have an excellent saying when any man wants to borrow of me; I am ready with my joke. "A fool and his money are soon parted!" ha, ha, ha

*G. Phil.* Ha, ha! An old skin-flint. [*Aside.*]

*Old Phil.* Ay, ay. A fool and his money are soon parted; ha, ha, ha

*G. Phil.* How if I can wring a handsome sum out of him, it will prove the truth of what he says. [*Aside.*] And yet trade has its inconveniences. Great houses stopping payment!

*Old Phil.* Hey, what, you look shagined! Nothing of that sort has happened to thee, I hope?

*G. Phil.* A great house at Cadiz. Don John de Alvarada. The Spanish galleons not making quick returns; and so my bills are come back.

*Old Phil.* Ay! [*Shakes his head.*]

*G. Phil.* I have indeed a remittance from Messina. That voyage yields me thirty per cent, profit. But this blow coming upon me.

*Old Phil.* Why this is unlucky. How much money?

*G. Phil.* Three and twenty hundred.

*Old Phil.* George, too many eggs in one basket; I'll tell the George I expect Sir Jasper Wilding here presently to conclude the treaty of marriage I have on foot for thee: Then hush this up, say nothing of it, and in a day or two you pay these bills with his daughter's portion.

*G. Phil.* The old rogue! [*Aside.*] That will never do. I shall be blown upon 'Change. Alvarada will pay in time, He has opened his affairs. He appears a good man.

*Old Phil.* Does he?

*G. Phil.* A great fortune left; will pay in time but I must crack before that.

*Old Phil.* It is unlucky! a good man yet, say he is?

*G. Phil.* Nobody better.

*Old Phil.* Let me see. Suppose I lend this money?

*G. Phil.* Ay, Sir.

*Old Phil.* How much is your remittance from Messina?

*G. Phil.* Seven hundred and fifty.

*Old Phil.* Then you want fifteen hundred and fifty?

*G. Phil.* Exactly.

*Old Phil.* Don Alvarada is a good man, you say?

*G. Phil.* Yes, Sir.

*Old Phil.* I will venture to lend the money. You must allow me compassion upon these bills for taking them up for honour of the answer.

*G. Phil.* Agreed.

*Old Phil.*

*Old Phil.* Lawful interest while I am out of my money.

*G. Phil.* I subscribe.

*Old Phil.* A power of attorney to receive the monies from Alvarada when he makes a payment.

*G. Phil.* You shall have it.

*Old Phil.* Your own bond.

*G. Phil.* To be sure

*Old Phil.* Go and get me a check. You shall have a draught on the bank.

*G. Phil.* Yes, Sir.

[*Going.*]

*Old Phil.* But stay—I had forgot—I must sell out for this. Stocks are under par—You must pay the difference.

*G. Phil.* Was ever such a leech! [*Aside.*] By all means, Sir.

*Old Phil.* Step and get me a check.

*G. Phil.* A fool and his money are soon parted: [*Exit.*]

What with commission, lawful interest, and his paying the difference of the stocks, which are higher now than when I bought in, this will be no bad morning's work; and then in the evening, I shall be in the rarest spirits for this new adventure I am recommended to. Let me see—what is this lady's name? [*Takes a letter out.*] Corinna! ay, ay, by the description she is a bafe of goods. I shall be in rare spirits. Ay, this is the way, to indulge one's passions and yet conceal them, and to mind one's business in the city here as if one had no passions at all. I long for the evening, methinks. Body o' me, I am a young man still.

*Enter Quilldriv.*

*Quill.* Sir Jasper Wilding, Sir, and his daughter.

*Old Phil.* I am at home.

*Enter Sir Jasper and Maria.*

*Old Phil.* Sir Jasper, your very humble servant:

*Sir Jas.* Master Philpot, I be glad to see ye, I am indeed.

*Old Phil.* The like compliment to you, Sir Jasper. Miss Maria, I kiss your fair hand.

*Maria.* Sir, your most obedient.

*Sir Jas.* Ay, ay, I ha' brought un to see you. There's my girl—I be'n't ashamed o' my girl.

*Maria.* That's more than I can say of my father—luckily these people are as much strangers to decorum as my old gentleman, otherwise this visit from a lady to meet her lover would have an odd appearance. Tho' but late a boarding-school girl, I know enough of the world for that. [*Aside.*]

*Old Phil.* Truly she be a blooming young lady, Sir Jasper, and I verily shall like to take an interest in her.

*Sir Jas.* I ha' brought her to see ye, and so your son may ha' her as soon as he will.

*Old Phil.* Why she looks three and a half per cent. better than when I saw her last.

*Maria.* Then there is hopes that in a little time I shall be above par; he rates me like a lottery ticket. [*Aside.*]

*Old Phil.*

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*Old Phil.* Ay, ay, I doubt not, Sir Jasper: Miss as the appearance of a very sensible, discreet young lady; and to deal freely, without that she would not do for my son—George is a threew'd lad, and I have often heard him declare no consideration should ever prevail on him to marry a fool.

*Maria.* Ay, you have told me so before, old gentleman, and I have my cue from my brother; and if I don't soon give master George a surfeit of me, why then I am not a notable girl. [Aside.]

*Enter George Philpot.*

*G. Phil.* A good clever old cuss this—after my own heart. I think I'll have his daughter, if 'tis only for the pleasure of hunting with him.

*Sir Jas.* Zon-in-law, gee us your hand—What say you? Are you ready for my girl?

*G. Phil.* Say grace as soon as you will, Sir, I'll fall to.

*Sir Jas.* Well said: I like you. I like un, master Philpot: I like un—I'll tell you what, let un talk to her now.

*Old Phil.* And so he shall—George, she is a bale of goods; speak her fair now, and then you'll be a cash.

*G. Phil.* I think I had rather not speak to her now—I hate speaking to those modest women. Sir, Sir, a word in your ear; had not I better break my mind, by advertising for her in a newspaper.

*Old Phil.* Talk sense to her, George; she is a notable girl, and I'll give thee a draft upon the bank presently.

*Sir Jas.* Come along, master Philpot; come along; I ben't afraid of my girl; come along. [Exit Sir Jas. and Old Phil.]

*Maria.* A pretty sort of a lover they have found for me. [Aside.]

*G. Phil.* How shall I speak my mind to her? She is almost a stranger to me. [Aside.]

*Maria.* Now I'll make the hideous thing hate me if I can. [Aside.]

*G. Phil.* Ay, she is as sharp as a needle, I warrant her. [Aside.]

*Maria.* [Aside.] When will he begin? Ah, you fright! You rival Mr. Beauford! I'll give him an aversion to me, that's what I will, and so let him have the trouble of breaking off the match; not a word yet; he is in a fine confusion. (Looks foolish.)—I think I may as well sit down, Sir.

*G. Phil.* Ma'am—I—I—I (Frighted.)—I'll hand you a chair, ma'am; there ma'am. (Lows awkwardly.)

*Maria.* Sir, I thank you.

*G. Phil.* I'll sit down too. (In confusion.)

*Maria.* Heigh ho!

*G. Phil.* Ma'am!

*Maria.* Sir!

*G. Phil.* I thought—I—I—did not you say something, ma'am?

*Maria.* No, Sir; nothing.

*G. Phil.* I beg your pardon, ma'am.

*Maria.*

Maria. Oh, you are a sweet creature!

[*Aside.*

G. Phil. The ice is broke now; I have begun, and so I'll go on.

Maria. An agreeable interview this!

[*Aside.*

G. Phil. Pray, ma'am, do you ever go to concerts?

Maria. Concert! what's that, Sir?

G. Phil. A music meeting.

Maria. I have been at a Quaker's meeting, but never at a music-meeting.

G. Phil. Lord ma'am, all the gay world goes to concerts. She notable! I'll take courage, she is nobody. (*Aside.*)—Will you give me leave to present you a ticket for the Crown and Anchor, ma'am?

Maria. (*Looking awkward.*)—A ticket—what's a ticket?

G. Phil. There, ma'am, at your service.

Maria. (*Curtseys.*)—I long to see what a ticket is.

G. Phil. What a curtsey there is for the St. James's end of the town! I hate her; she seems to be an idiot. (*Aside.*

Maria. Here's a charming ticket he has given me. (*Aside.* And is this a ticket, Sir?

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am. And is this a ticket? (*Mimicks her aside.*

Maria. (*Reads.*) For sale by the candle, the following goods: thirty chests straw-hats, fifty tubs chip-hats, pepper, fago, bon-rax; ha, ha! such a ticket!

G. Phil. I, I, I, have made a mistake ma'am; here, here is the right one.

Maria. You need not mind it, Sir, I never go to such places.

G. Phil. No, ma'am. I don't know what to make of her. Was you ever at the White Conduit-house?

Maria. There's a question. (*Aside.*) Is that a noblemen's seat?

G. Phil. (*Laughs.*) Simpleton! No, Miss; it is not a nobleman's seat; Lord! 'tis at Islington.

Maria. Lord Islington! I don't know my Lord Islington.

G. Phil. The town of Islington.

Maria. I have not the honour of knowing his lordship.

G. Phil. Islington is a town, ma'am.

Maria. Oh! it's a town.

G. Phil. Yes, ma'am.

Maria. I am glad of it.

G. Phil. What is she glad of?

[*Aside.*

Maria. A pretty husband my papa has chose for me. (*Aside.*

G. Phil. What shall I say to her next? Have you been at the burletta, ma'am?

Maria. Where?

G. Phil. The burletta.

Maria. Sir I would have you to know that I am no such person; I go to burlettas! I am not what you take me for.

G. Phil. Ma'am—

Maria. I'm come of good people, Sir; and have been properly educated as a young girl ought to be.



*G. Phil.* What a damn'd fool she is (*Aside.*) The burlesque is an opera, ma'am.

*Maria.* Opera sir! I don't know what you mean by this usage; to affront me in this manner.

*G. Phil.* Affront! I mean quite the reverse, ma'am; I took you for a connoisseur.

*Maria.* Who me a connoisseur, sir! I desire you won't call me such names; I am sure I never so much as thought of such a thing. Sir, I won't be called a connoisseur; I won't, I won't, I won't. (*Bursts out a crying.*)

*G. Phil.* Ma'am, I meant no offence; a connoisseur is a virtuoso.

*Maria.* Don't virtuoso me; I am no virtuoso, sir, I would have you to know it; I am as virtuous a girl as any in England, and I will never be a virtuoso. (*Cries bitterly.*)

*G. Phil.* But ma'am, you mistake me quite.

*Maria.* (*In a passion, shaking her tears and sobbing.*) Sir, I am come of as virtuous people as any in England; my family was always remarkable for virtue; my mamma (*bursts out*) was as good a woman as ever was born, and my aunt Bridget (*sobbing*) was a virtuous woman too; and there's my sister Sophy makes as good and virtuous a wife as any at all; and so, sir, don't call me a virtuoso; I won't be brought here to be treated in this manner, I won't, I won't, I won't, I won't, I won't. (*Cries bitterly.*)

*G. Phil.* The girl's a natural; so much the better. I'll marry her, and lock her up (*aside.*) ma'am upon my word you misunderstand me.

*Maria.* Sir (*drying her tears.*) I won't be called connoisseur by you nor any body; and I am no virtuoso; I'd have you to know that.

*G. Phil.* Ma'am, connoisseur and virtuoso are words for a person of taste.

*Maria.* Taste!

*G. Phil.* Yes, ma'am.

*Maria.* And did you mean to say as how I am a person of taste?

*G. Phil.* Undoubtedly.

*Maria.* Sir your most obedient humble servant. Oh! that's another thing; I have a taste to be sure.

*G. Phil.* I know you have ma'am. O, you're a cursed ninnny. (*Aside.*)

*Maria.* Yes, I know I have; I can read tolerably, and I begin to write a litt'e.

*G. Phil.* Upon my word you have made a great progress! what could old Squaretoes mean by passing her upon me for a sensible girl? and what a fool I was to be afraid to speak to her. I'll talk to her openly at once. (*Aside.*) Come, sit down, miss; pray, ma'am are you inclin'd to matrimony?

*Maria.* Yes, sir,

*G. Phil.*

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G. Phil. Are you in love?

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. Those naturals are always very amorous (*aside*). How should you like me?

Maria. Of all things —

G. Phil. A girl without ceremony (*aside*) do you love me?

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. But you don't love any body else?

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. Frank and free (*aside*) but not so well as me?

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. Better, may be?

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. The devil you do! (*aside*) and, perhaps, if I should marry you, I should have a chance to be made a —

Maria. Yes, sir.

G. Phil. The case is clear; Miss Maria, you very humble servant; you are not for my money, I promise you.

Maria. Sir!

G. Phil. I have done, ma'am, that's all, and I take my leave.

Maria. But you'll marry me?

G. Phil. No, ma'am, no; no such thing; you may provide yourself a husband elsewhere; I am your humble servant.

Maria. Not marry me, Mr. Philpot? but you must; my papa said you must; and I will have you.

G. Phil. There's another proof of her nonsense (*aside*) make yourself easy for I shall have nothing to do with you.

Maria. Not marry me, Philpot? (*bursts out in tears*.) But I say you shall, and I will have a husband, or I'll know the reason why; you shall, you shall.

G. Phil. A pretty sort of a wife they intend for me here.

Maria. I wonder you an't ashamed of yourself to affront a young girl in this manner. I'll go and tell my papa; I will, I will, I will. (*Exeunt Maria, G. Phil.*)

G. Phil. And so you may; I have no more to say to you; and so your servant, miss; your servant.

Maria. Ay! and by goles, my brother Bob shall fight you.

G. Phil. What care I for your brother Bob? (*Going*.)

Maria. How can you be so cruel. Mr. Philpot? how can you; oh, (*Cries and struggles with him. Exit G. Phil.*) Ha! ha! I have carried my brother's scheme into execution charmingly; ha! ha! he will break off the match now of his own accord. Ha, ha! this is charming; this is fine; this is like a girl of spirit.

## ACT II. Enter Corinna, Tom following her.

Cor. A Neld ery gentleman, did you say;

Tom. Yes; that, says he has got a letter for you ma'am.

Cor. Desire the gentleman to walk up stairs. (*Exit Tom*.)

These old fellows will be a coming after a body; but they pay well, and so, — Servant, sir.

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*Enter Old Philpot.*

*Old Phil.* Fair lady your very humble servant; truly a blooming young girl! madam, I have a letter here for you from Bob Poacher, whom, I presume, you know.

*Cor.* Yes, sir, I know Bob Poacher. He is a very good friend of mine. [*Reads to herself.*] He speaks so handsomely of you, sir, and says you are so much of the gentleman, that to be sure, sir, I shall endeavour to be agreeable, sir.

*O'd Phil.* Really you are very agreeable. You see I am punctual to my hour. [*Looks at his watch.*]

*Cor.* That is a mighty pretty watch, sir.

*Old Phil.* Yes, madam, it is a repeater; it has been in our family for a long time. This is a mighty pretty lodging; I have twenty guineas here in a purse; here they are, [*turns them out upon the table.*] as pretty golden rogues, as ever fair fingers play'd with.

*Cor.* I am always agreeable to any thing from a gentleman.

*Old Phil.* There are [*aside.*] some light guineas among them; I always put off my light guineas in this way. You are exceeding welcome, madam. Your fair hand looks so tempting, I must kiss it; oh! I could eat it up. Fair lady your lips look so cherry; they actually invite the touch; [*kisses.*] Really it makes the difference of cent. per cent. in one's constitution; you have really a mighty pretty foot; oh, you little rogue; I could smother you with kisses; oh you little delicate, charming [*kisses her.*]

*George Philpot enters.*

*G. Phil.* Go houp! Awi! Awi! Gallows! Awi!

*Old Phil.* Hey! What is all that? Somebody coming.

*Cor.* Some young rake, I fancy, coming in whether my servants will or no.

*Old Phil.* What shall I do! I would not be seen for the world. Can't you hide me in that room?

*Cor.* Dear heart, no Sir; these wild young fellows take such liberties. He may take it into his head to go in there, and then you will be detected. Get under the table, he shan't remain long, whoever he is; here, here, sir, get under here.

*Old Phil.* Ay, ay; that will do, don't let him stay long. Give me another buss; wounds! I could—

*Cor.* Hush! make haste.

*Old Phil.* Ay, ay; I will fair lady. [*Creeps under the table, and creeps out.*] Don't let him stay long.

*Cor.* Hush! silence, or you will ruin all else.

*Enter G. Philpot, and is dismissed.*

*G. Phil.* Sharper do your work; Awi! Awi! So my girl, how dost do?

*Cor.* Very well, thank you, I did not expect to see you so soon; I thought you was to be at the club; the servants told me you came back from the city at two o'clock to dress; and so I concluded you would have staid all night as usual.

*G. Phil.*



G. Phil. No; the ruin was against me again, and I did not care to pursue ill fortune. But I am strong in cash, my girl.

Cor. Are you?

G. Phil. Yes, yes; fuskins in plenty.

Old Phil. [*peeping.*] Ah, the ungracious! These are your haunts, are they?

G. Phil. Yes, yes; I am strong in cash. I have taken in old curmudgeon since I saw you.

Cor. As how pray?

Old Phil. [*peeping.*] Ay, as how; let us hear pray.

G. Phil. Why, I'll tell you.

Old Phil. [*peeping.*] Ay, let us hear.

G. Phil. I talk'd a word of wisdom to him.

Old Phil. Ay!

G. Phil. Tipt him a few rascally sentiments of a scoundrelly kind of prudence.

Old Phil. Ay!

G. Phil. The old curmudgeon chuckled at it.

Old Phil. Ay, ay; the old curmudgeon! ay, ay.

G. Phil. He is a sad old fellow.

Old Phil. Ay! Go on.

G. Phil. And so I appear'd to him as deserving of the gallows as he is himself.

Old Phil. Well said boy, well said, go on.

G. Phil. And then he took a liking to me; ay, ay, says he; ay, friendship has nothing to do with trade. George, thou art a son after my own heart; and then as I dealt out little maxims of penury, he grinn'd like a jew broker when he has cheated his principal of an eight per cent; and cried, Ay, ay, that is the very spirit of trade; a fool and his money are soon parted [*mimicking him.*] And so on he went like Harlequin in a French comedy, tickling himself into a good humour, till at last I tickled him out of fifteen hundred and odd pounds.

Old Phil. I have a mind to rise and break his bones; but then I discover myself; lie still, Isaac, lie still.

G. Phil. Oh! I understand trap; I talk'd of a great house stopping payment; the thing was true enough; but I had no dealings with them.

Old Phil. Ay, ay,

G. Phil. And so, for fear of breaking off a match with an idiot he wants me to marry, he lent me the money, and cheated me tho'.

Old Phil. Ay, you have found it out have you?

G. Phil. No old usurer in England, grown hard-hearted in his trade, could have dealt worse with me; I must have commission upon these bills for taking them up for honour of the drawer. Your bond; lawful interest, while I am out of the money; and the difference for selling out of the stocks; an old, miserly, good-for-nothing skin-flint.

Old Phil.



*Old Phil.* My blood boils to be at him. Go on; can you tell us a little more?

*G. Phil.* Poh! he is an old curmudgeon; and so I will talk no more about him. Come, give me a kiss. [*They kiss.*]

*Old Phil.* The young dog, how he fastens his lips to her!

*G. Phil.* You shall go with me to Epsom next Sunday.

*Cor.* Shall I? That's charming.

*G. Phil.* You shall in my chariot; I drive.

*Cor.* But I don't like to see you drive.

*G. Phil.* But I like it. I am as good a coachman as any in England. There was my lord What-d'ye-call-him; he kept a stage coach for his own driving; but, Lord! he was nothing to me.

*Cor.* No!

*G. Phil.* Oh, no; I know my road-work, my girl. When I have my coachman's hat on—Is my hat come home?

*Cor.* It hangs up yonder, but I don't like it.

*G. Phil.* Let me see; ay, the very thing. Mind me when I go to work; throw my eyes about a few; handle the braces; take the off-leader by the jaw; here you, how have you curbed this horse up? let him out a link, do you blood of a—  
Whoo Eh! Jewel, Button! Whoo Eh! Come here, you fir, how have you coupled Gallows? You know he'll take the bar of Sharper. Take him in two holes, do. There's four pretty little knots as any in England; Whoo Eh!

*Cor.* But can't you let your coachman drive?

*G. Phil.* No, no; see me mount the box, handle the reins, my wrist turn'd down, square my elbows, stamp with my foot; gee-up! off we go; Button do you want to have us over? do your work, do; Awi, awi! there we bowl away; see how sharp they are; Gallows softly up hill [*colly!* s:] There's a public house; give 'em a mouthful of water, do; and fetch me a dram. Drink it off; Gee-up; Awi, awi! There we go scrambling all together; reach Epsom in an hour and forty three minutes; all Lombard street to an egg shell, we do. There's your work, my girl; Eh! damn me.

*Old Phil.* Mercy on me! what a profligate, debauched young dog it is.

*Enter Young Wilding.*

*Wild.* Ha! my little Corinna; fir, your servant.

*G. Phil.* Your servant, fir.

*Wild.* Sir, your servant.

*G. Phil.* Any commands for me, fir?

*Wild.* For you, fir?

*G. Phil.* Yes; for me, fir?

*Wild.* No, fir, I have no commands for you, fir.

*G. Phil.* What's your business?

*Wild.* Business!

*G. Phil.* Ay, business.

*Wild.*

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*Wild.* Why very good business I think; my little Corinna, my life; my little—

*G. Phil.* Is that your business? Pray, sir; not so free, sir.

*Wild.* Not so free!

*G. Phil.* No sir! that lady belongs to me.

*Wild.* To you sir?

*G. Phil.* Yes, to me.

*Wild.* To you! who are you?

*G. Phil.* As good a man as you.

*Wild.* Upon my word! who is this fellow Corinna? some journeyman taylor, I suppose, who chooses to try on the gentleman's cloaths before he carries them home.

*G. Phil.* Taylor! What do you mean by that? You lie: I am no taylor.

*Wild.* You shall give me satisfaction for that.

*G. Phil.* For what?

*Wild.* For giving me the lie.

*G. Phil.* I did not.

*Wild.* You did, sir.

*G. Phil.* You lie; I'll bet you five pounds I did not. But if you have a mind for a frolic, let me put by my sword; now, sir, come on. [*In a boxing attitude.*]

*Wild.* Why, you scoundrel, do you think I want to beat? draw, sir, this moment.

*G. Phil.* Nor I; come on.

*Wild.* Draw, or I'll cut you to pieces.

*G. Phil.* I'll give you satisfaction this way. [*Pushes at him.*]

*Wild.* Draw, sir, draw! You won't draw? There, take that firrah; and that, and that; you scoundrel.

*Old Phil.* Ay, ay; well done; lay it on.

[*Peeps out.*]

*Wild.* And there you rascal; and there.

*Old Phil.* Thank you, thank you; could not you find in your heart to lay on another for me?

*Cor.* Pray don't be in such a passion, sir.

*Wild.* My dear Corinna, don't be frightened; I shall not murder him.

*Old Phil.* I am safe here. Lie still Isaac, lie still; I am safe.

*Wild.* The fellow has put me out of breath. [*Sits down.*]

*Old Phil.* *pot's watch strikes ten under the table.* [*Whose watch is this? [Starts rapid.]* Hey! what is all this? [*Looks under the table.*]

Your humble servant, sir! Turn out, pray turn out; you won't; then I'll unshell you. [*Takes away the table.*]

Your very humble servant, sir.

*G. Phil.* Zounds! my father there all this time.

[*Aside.*]

*Wild.* I suppose you will give me the lie too.

*Old Phil.* [*Still on the ground.*] No, sir, not I truly; but the gentleman there may divert himself again if he has a mind.

*G. Phil.* No, sir, not I; I pass.

*Old Phil.* George, you are there I see.

*G. Phil.* Yes, sir, and you are there I see.

*Wild.*

*Wild.* Come, rise; who is this old fellow?

*Cor.* Upon my word I don't know; as I live and breath, I don't; he came after my maid, I suppose; I'll go and ask her; let me run out of the way and hide myself from this scene of confusion.

[*Exit Cerinna.*

*G. Phil.* What an imp of hell she is!

[*Aside.*

*Wild.* Come, get up, sir; you are too old to be beat.

*Old Phil.* [*Rising.*] In troth so I am; but there you may exercise yourself again if you please.

*G. Phil.* No more for me, sir; I thank you.

*Old Phil.* I have made but a bad voyage of it; the ship is sunk, and stock and block lost.

[*Aside.*

*Wild.* Ha, ha! upon my soul, I can't help laughing at his old square toes; as for you, sir, you have had what you deserve'd; ha, ha! you are a kind cull, I suppose; ha, ha! and you, reverend dad, you must come here tottering after a punk; ha, ha

*Old Phil.* Oh! George! George!

*G. Phil.* Oh! father! father!

*Wild.* Ha, ha! what, father and son! and so you have found one another out; ha, ha! well you may have business; and so gentlemen, I'll leave you to yourselves.

[*Exit.*

*G. Phil.* This is too much to bear; what an infamous jade she is! all her contrivance! don't be angry with me, sir; I'll go my ways this moment, tie myself up in the matrimonial noose; and never have any thing to do with these courtes again.

[*Goes.*

*Old Phil.* And hark you George! tie me up in a real noose, and run me off as soon as you will.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Beaufort dressed as a lawyer, and Sir Jasper Wadding with a bottle and glass in his hand.*

*Beau.* No more, sir Jasper; I can't drink any more.

*Sir Jas.* Why you're but a weeven faced drinker, master Quagmire; come, man, finish this bottle.

*Beau.* I beg to be excused; you had better let me read over the deeds to you.

*Sir Jas.* Zounds! 'tis all about out houses, and messuages, and barns, and stables, and orchards, and meadows, and lands, and tenements, and woods and under-woods, and commons, and backfides. I am o' the commission for Wilts, and I know the ley; and so t'ucc with your jargon, Mr. Quagmire.

*Beau.* But sir, you don't consider, marriage is an affair of importance; it is contracted between persons, first, consenting, secondly, free from canonical impediments; thirdly, free from civil impediments; and can only be dissolved for canonical causes or levitical causes. See *Leviticus* xvii. and xviii. *Harry VIII.* chapter vii.

*Sir Jas.* You shall drink t'other bumper, an you talk of ley.

*Enter a Servant, followed by Old Philpot and Son.*

*Scr.*



Sir. Old Mr. Philpot, sir, and his son.

Sir Jas. Wounds! that's right; they'll take me out of the hands of this lawyer here.

Beau. Well done, Beaumont! thus far you have played your part, as if you had been of the pimplenose family of Funnival's inn. [Aside.]

Sir Jas. Master Philpot, I'm glad you are come; this man here has to plagued me with his ley; but now we'll have no more about it, but sign the papers at once.

Old Phil. Sir Jasper, twenty thousand pounds, you know, is a great deal of money; I should not give you so much if it was not for the sake of your daughter's marrying my son; so that if you will allow me discount for prompt payment, I will pay the money down.

G. Phil. Sir, I must beg to see the young lady once more before I embark; for to be plain, sir, she appears to be a mere natural.

Sir Jas. I'll tell you what, youngster, I find my girl a notable wench; and here, here's son Bob.

*Enter Young Wilding.*

Sir Jas. Bob, gee us your hand; I ha' finish'd the business; and so now; here, here, here's your vather-in-law.

Old Phil. Of all the birds in the air is that he? [Aside.]

G. Phil. He has behaved like a relation to me already. [Aside.]

Sir Jas. Go to un, man; that's your vather.

Wild. This is the strangest accident; sir, sir; [Sighs a laugh.] I, I, sir; upon my soul I cannot stand this. [Bursts out a laughing.]

Old Phil. I deserve it! I deserve to be laugh'd at. [Aside.]

G. Phil. He has shewn his regard to his sister's family already. [Aside.]

Sir Jas. What's the matter, Bob? I tell you this is your vather-in-law; [Pulls Old Philpot to him.] Master Philpot that's Bob; speak to un, Bob, speak to un.

Wild. Sir I, I, am [Stifles a laugh.] I say, sir, I am, sir, extremely proud, of, of,— [Laughs.]

G. Phil. Of having beat me, I suppose. [Aside.]

Wild. Of the honour, sir, of, of,— [Laughs.]

G. Phil. Ay; that's what he means. [Aside.]

Wild. And, sir, I, I, this opportunity; I cannot look him in the face; [Bursts out into a laugh.] I cannot stay in the room. [Goes.]

Sir Jas. Why the volks are all mad, I believe; you shall stay, Bob; you shall stay. [Holds him.]

Wild. Sir, I, I, cannot possibly,— [Whispers his father.]

Old Phil. George, George, what a woeful figure do we make?

G. Phil. Bad enough of all conscience, sir.

Sir Jas. An odd adventure, Bob. [Laughs heartily.]

Old Phil. Ay! there now he is hearing the whole affair, and is laughing at me.

Sir Jas.



*Sir Jas.* Ha, ha! Poh, never mind it; a did not hart un.

*Old Phil.* It's a l discover'd.

*Sir Jas.* Ha, ha! I told ye zon Bob could find a hare squat upon her form with any he in Christendom; ha, ha! never mind it, man; Bob meant no harm; here, here, Bob; here's your vather, and there's your brother; I should like to ha' zeen un under the table.

*Wild.* Gentlemen, your most obedient. [*Sister a laugh.*]

*Old Phil.* Sir your servant; he has lick'd George well; and I forgive him.

*Sir Jas.* Well, young gent'eman, which way is your mind now?

*C. Phil.* Why, fir, to be plain, I find your daughter an idiot.

*Sir Jas.* Zee her again then; zee again; here, you firrah, send our Moll hither.

*Ser.* Yes, fir.

*Sir Jas.* Very well then, we'll go into t'other room, crack a bottle, and settle matters there; and leave un together; hoic! hoic! our Moll; tally over.

*Enter Maria.*

*Maria.* Did you call me, papa?

*Sir Jas.* I d d, my girl. There, the gentleman wants to speak with you; behave like a clever wench as you are; come along, my boys; Master Quagmire, come and finish the business. [*Exit singing, with Old Philpot and Beaufort. March George and Maria.*]

*G. Phil.* I know she is a fool, and so I will speak to her without ceremony. Well, Miss, you told me you could read and write.

*Maria.* Read, fir! Reading is the delight of my life; do you love reading, fir?

*G. Phil.* Prodigiously; how pert she is grown! I have read very little, and I'm resolv'd for the future to read less. [*Aside.* What have you read, Miss?

*Maria.* Every thing.

*G. Phil.* You have?

*Maria.* Yes, fir, I have.

*G. Phil.* Oh! brave; and do you remember what you read, Miss?

*Maria.* Not so well as I could wish: wits have short memories.

*G. Phil.* Oh! you are a wit too!

*Maria.* I am; and do you know that I feel myself provoked to a simile now?

*G. Phil.* Provoked to a simile! let us hear it.

*Maria.* What do you think we are both like?

*G. Phil.* Well—

*Maria.* Like Cymon and Iphigenia in Dryden's fable.

*G. Phil.* Jenny in Dryden's fable!

*Maria.*

*Maria.* The fanning breeze upon her bosom blows ;  
To meet the fanning breeze her bosom rose.

That's me ; now you ;

He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,  
And whistled as he went (*mimicks*) for want of thought.

*G. Phil.* This is not the same girl. (*disconcerted.*)

*Maria.* Mark again, mark again :

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,  
And gaping mouth that testified surprise.

(*He looks foolish, she laughs at him.*)

*G. Phil.* I must take care how I speak to her ; she is not the fool I took her for. (*Aside.*)

*Maria.* You seem surprised, sir ; but this is my way ; I read, sir, and then I apply ; I have read every thing ; Suckling, Waller, Milton, Dryden, Lansdown, Gay, Prior, Swift, Addison, Pope, Young, Thomson

*G. Phil.* Hey ! the devil ; what a clack is here !

(*He walks across the stage.*)

*Maria.* (*Following him eagerly.*) Shakspeare, Fletcher, Otway, Southern, Rowe, Congreve, Wicherly, Farquhar, Cibber, Vanburgh, Steele, in short every body ; and I find them all wit, fire, vivacity, spirit, genius, taste, imagination, raillery, humour, character, and sentiment. Well done Miss Notable ! you have played your part like a young actress in high favour with the town. (*Aside.*)

*G. Phil.* Her tongue goes like water-mill.

*Maria.* What do you say to me now, sir ?

*G. Phil.* Say ! I don't know what the devil to say. (*Aside.*)

*Maria.* What's the matter, sir ? why, you look as if the stocks were fallen ; or like London bridge at low water ; or like a waterman when the Thames is frozen ; or like a politician without news ; or like a prude without scandal ; or like a great lawyer without a brief ; or like some lawyer with one ; or—

*G. Phil.* Or like a poor devil of a husband henpeck'd by a wit, and so say no more of that. What a capricious piece here is ! (*Aside.*)

*Maria.* Oh, fie ! you have spoil'd all ; I had not half done.

*G. Phil.* There is enough of all conscience. You may content yourself.

*Maria.* But I can't be so easily contented. I like a simile half a mile long.

*G. Phil.* I see you do.

*Maria.* Oh ! and I make verses too ; verses like an angel—off hand—extempore ; can you give me an extempore ?

*G. Phil.* What does she mean ? No, Miss, I have never a one about me.

*Maria.* You can't give me an extempore ! Oh ! for fear of Mr. Philpot ; I love an extempore of all things ; and I love

the poets dearly; their sense so fine, their invention rich as Paetolus.

*G. Phil.* A poet rich as Paetolus! I have heard of Paetolus in the city.

*Maria.* Very like.

*G. Phil.* But you never heard of a poet as rich as he.

*Maria.* As who?

*G. Phil.* Paetolus. He was a great Jew merchant, liv'd in the ward of Farringdon without.

*Maria.* Paetolus a Jew merchant! Paetolus is a river.

*G. Phil.* A river!

*Maria.* Yes; don't you understand geography?

*G. Phil.* The girl's crazy!

*Maria.* Oh, sir! If you don't understand geography, you are nobody. I understand geography, and I understand orthography; you know I told you I can write; and I can dance too—will you dance a minuet. [*Sings and Dances.*]

*G. Phil.* You than that I me a dance, I promise you.

*Maria.* Oh! very well, sir—you refuse me—remember you'll hear immediately of my being married to another, and then you'd be ready to hang yourself.

*G. Phil.* Not I, I promise you,

*Maria.* Oh! very well—very well—Remember,—mark my word—I'll do it—you shall see—Ha, ha!

[*Runs off in a fit of laughing.*]

*G. Phil.* *Philpotus.*

Marry you! I would, as soon carry my wife to live in Bow-street, and write over the door "Philpot's punch house."

*Enter Old Philpot and Sir Jasper.*

*Sir Jas.* [*singing.*]—"So rarely, so bravely we'll hunt him o'er the downs, and we'll hoop and we'll hollo."—Gee us your hand, young gentleman; we'll—what zay ye to un now? ben't she a clever girl?

*G. Phil.* A very extraordinary girl, indeed.

*Sir Jas.* Did not I tell un so—then you have nothing to do but to consummate as soon as you will.

*G. Phil.* No; you may keep her, sir, I thank you; I'll have nothing to do with her.

*Old Phil.* What's the matter now, George?

*G. Phil.* Poh! she's a wit.

*Sir Jas.* Ay, I told un so.

*G. Phil.* And that's worse than t'other. I am off, sir.

*Sir Jas.* Odds heart! I am afraid you are no great wit.

*Enter Maria.*

*Maria.* Well, papa, the gentleman won't have me.

*Old Phil.* The numbskull won't do as his father bids him; and so, sir Jasper, with your consent, I'll make a proposal to the young lady myself.

*Maria.* How! What does he say?

*Old Phil.* I am in the prime of my days, and I can be a brisk



brisk lover still.—Fair lady, a glance of your eye is like the returning sun in the spring—It melts away the frost of age, and gives a new warmth and vigour to all nature. [*Falls a coughing.*]

*Maria.* Dear heart! I should like to have a scene with him.

*Sir Jas.* Hey! what's in the wind now?—this won't take. My girl sha'l have fair play—no old fellow shall totter to her bed—what say you, my girl? will you rock his cradle?

*Maria.* Sir, I have one small doubt—pray, can I have two husbands at a time?

*G. Phil.* There's a question now! she is grown foolish again.

*Old Phil.* Fair lady, the law of the land—

*Sir Jas.* Hold ye, hold ye; let me talk of ley; I know the ley better nor any on ye—Two husbands at once—No, no—Men are scarce, and that's downright poaching.

*Maria.* I am sorry for it, sir—For then I can't marry him I see.

*Sir Jas.* Why not.

*Maria.* I am contracted to another.

*Sir Jas.* Contracted! to whom?

*Maria.* To Mr Beaufort—that gentleman, sir.

*Old Phil.* That gent'man!

*Et u.* Yes, sir. [*T. rous open h's gown.*—My name is Beaufort—and I hope, sir Jasper, when you consider my fortune, and my real affections for your daughter, you will generously forgive the stratagem I have made use of.

*Sir Jas.* Master Quagmire! What are you young Beaufort all this time?

*Old Phil.* That won't take, sir—that won't take.

*Beau.* But it must take, sir—You have signed the deeds for your daughter's marriage; and sir Jasper by this instrument has made me his son in law.

*Old Phil.* How is this? how is this? Then sir Jasper, you will agree to cancel the deeds, I suppose; for you know—

*Sir Jas.* Catch me at that, an ye can! I fulfilled my promise, and your son refused, and so the wench has looked out sily for herself elsewhere. Did I not tell you she was a clever girl? I ben't aham'd o' my gir!—Our Moll you have done no harm, and Mr Beaufort is welcome to you with all my heart. I'll stand to what I have signed, though you have taken me by surprise.

*Wild.* Bravo! my scheme has succeeded rarely.

*Old Phil.* And so here I am bubbled and choused out of my money—George, George, what a day's work have we made of it!—well, if it must be so, be it so—I desire, young gentleman, you will come and take my daughter away to-morrow morning—And, I'll tell you what, here, here—take my family watch into the bargain; and I wish it may play you such another trick as it has me; that's all—I'll never go intriguing with a family watch again.

*Maria.* Well, sir! [*To G. Phil.*—What do you think of me now? An't I a connoisseur, sir; and a virtuous?—Ha, ha!

*G. Phil.*



*G. Phil.* Yes; and much good may't do your husband—I have been connoisseur'd among ye to some purpose—Bub-  
bled at play—duped by my wench—cudgel'd by a rake—  
laughed at by a girl—detected by my father—and there is the  
sum total of all I have got at this end of the town.

*Old Phil.* This end of the town! I desire never to see it  
again while I live—I'll pop into a hackney coach this moment,  
drive to Mincing lane, and never venture back to this side of  
Temple bar. [Coing.

*G. Phil.* And, fir, fir!—shall I drive you?

*Old Phil.* Ay; you or any body [Exit.

*G. Phil.* Ill overturn the old hocus at the first corner.

[Following him.

*Sir Jas.* They shan't go zo, neither—they shall stay and  
crack a bottle. [Exit after them.

*Maria.* Well, brother, how have I played my part?

*Wild.* } To a miracle.  
*Be...* }

*Maria.* Have I;—I don't know how that is—

Love urg'd me on to try all wily arts

To win your [To Beaufort.]—No, not your's—

To win your hearts

[To the A. d'ence.

Your hearts to win is now my aim alone;

“There if I grow, the harvest is your own.”



THE END

